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SOVIET RUSSIA'S REPLY to France's invitation to sign the Kellogg "peace pact" was so pertinent that it is almost sure to be ignored. We regret, the Russians said, that your pact includes no obligations whatsoever to disarm, for "universal and full disarmament is the only actual means of preventing armed conflicts because in an atmosphere of general feverish armament every competition of the Powers inevitably leads to war." Furthermore, they remarked, it is not enough to renounce what is technically known as war; there should also be a ban upon "such military actions as, for instance, intervention, blockade, military occupation of foreign territory, foreign ports, etc." They even suggested that when the Powers were agreeing to use only peaceful means in settling their disputes they might abandon as unpeaceful means "the refusal to establish peaceful and normal relations or the rupture of these relations between peoples because such actions mean the suspension of peaceful methods in solution of disputes and by their very existence contribute to the creation of an atmosphere favorable to the breaking out of wars"—truths which will hardly be relished in Washington or in London. The Russians next attacked the British reservations to the pact (which indeed seem to rob it of all pacific meaning), asserting that they constitute "an attempt to use the compact itself as an instrument of imperialistic policy." Nevertheless, since the pact imposes certain obligations on the Powers, before the bar of public opinion, and since it offers a new occasion to raise the question of disarmament, the Russians express their readiness to sign it. Trouble-makers they are indeed! We have not heard such healthy common sense talked about the pact since it first took form.

"WHAT IS THE MONROE DOCTRINE?" sounds like a simple question. But the Council of the League of Nations pondered it for an entire day, and decided that on the whole it was safer not to answer, nor even to ask the United States, but to leave it an unsolved international conundrum. The Covenant of the League includes a clause expressly recognizing the Monroe Doctrine, and Costa Rica, which some years ago retired from the League and has been invited to return, politely inquired just what it was she would be asked to indorse. The grave heads of Geneva looked at one another, but none dared reply. At a secret all-day session of the Council, it is said, the representatives of three Latin-American nations told the European plenipotentiaries "very interesting" things, but the conclusion of their deliberations was that Costa Rica had been indiscreet and that it was better to leave it understood that the Monroe Doctrine was just the Monroe Doctrine. Doubtless that was the safest course. But we wish the League had asked Washington to define the Monroe Doctrine. It would be a shock to some of our imperial statesmen if they ever found themselves compelled to read President Monroe's modest declarations and to compare them with the extravagances of our present policy.

PRESIDENT CALLES DOES NOT CHOOSE to run for President again; he says so in terms which cannot be misunderstood, and gives reasons for his choice. Mexico's dictator refuses to dictate, and his refusal marks another stage in Mexico's democratic evolution. "Perhaps for the only time in our history," he told the Mexican Congress, "there will be an opportunity for a democratic contest in which all men, civilian or military, may engage." There are few parallels in history to this voluntary renunciation of power, and Calles's solemn appeal to the army—which so often in Mexico's history has settled elections as it willed—to be loyal to the legal institutions of the state was as impressive as novel. When Obregon was assassinated, it seemed as if Calles must remain in power to save Mexico; but he has found an even better way of serving his country—by teaching it the meaning of constitutional civilian government.

MICHAEL KAROLYI'S BOAT stopped over two days in New York, on its way from Mexico to Spain, and Michael Karolyi spent the two days ashore and made a speech. Yet, so far as we are aware, no one slept the worse because of the presence in the United States of the first President of the Republic of Hungary. A State Department official gave up his Saturday afternoon golf in order to meet the Socialist aristocrat; no other disturbance has been reported. Yet four years ago a set of silly Washington bureaucrats, more or less under the influence of the reactionary gang that rules Hungary today, told Count Karolyi that he could come to this country only on condition that he make no speeches; and two years ago the same officials refused a visa to a very charming lady simply because she happened to be Count Karolyi's wife. This stupid ban, and the consequent protests, of course made Count Karolyi and his cause better known in this country than his speeches, made with

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the double handicap of an alien tongue and an impediment in speech, could possibly have done; and perhaps the bureaucrats have learned a lesson. At any rate, they graciously permitted Count Karolyi two days in the United States this year. Give them time, and they may recall that in an earlier age the United States sent a warship down New York Harbor to greet the exile Louis Kossuth, who expressed in Hungary three-quarters of a century ago the same warm-hearted democratic spirit that Michael Karolyi expresses today.

THE TEMPERATURE of the Sino-Japanese negotiations has dropped several degrees. The American note of July 24, announcing our readiness to recognize Chinese tariff autonomy on January 1, 1929, may have had something to do with the change of tone. Britain and America have both given unmistakable indication that recent Japanese aggression in China has not their support; and Japan can hardly contemplate without fear the effect upon her trade of open warfare in China. Precisely what the Japanese have been doing is, as usual, hidden behind an Oriental mist. Quite possibly the Foreign Office, the army, and certain private interests have been pursuing contradictory policies—that has happened before. The report of British engineers upon the railway explosion which blew up Chang Tso-lin's train and killed the old master of Manchuria three months ago tends strongly to confirm the Chinese charge that the catastrophe was the work of skilled Japanese army engineers; but there is no direct evidence. Furthermore, it is difficult to believe that the defeated Northern troops which remain encamped just inside the Great Wall have not had foreign support; and now they are beginning to make trouble again, interfering with railway transport between Mukden and Peking. In Shantung, for the moment, all is quiet, but Tsinanfu is still occupied by Japanese troops. On the other hand, the Japanese Foreign Office has felt compelled to issue a diplomatic denial that it ever warned Chang Tso-lin's son against allying Manchuria with the Nationalists, and even if the denial is not believed it indicates a healthy sense of guilt.

ACHMED ZOGU BEY has decided to be crowned King of Albania, with the resonant title of Scanderbeg III. Time was when the Albanians prosaically offered their throne to Mr. George Fred Williams of Boston, who sagely declined it, realizing, perhaps, that his cognomen and antecedents were too simple for the task. Prince William of Wied, a few antiquarians will recall, accepted a rather tottering kingship in 1912, calling himself *mpret*, but some time after the outbreak of the World War Mpret William stole home to the more comfortable shores of the Rhine. Since his day Albania has seen premiers and presidents come and go—among others a young graduate of Harvard who was also a bishop. Achmed Zogu rose to power as a pupil and protege of Mussolini, but there are incidents in the career of the first Scanderbeg, from whom Achmed takes his new name, which may cause Mussolini a little thought. Some five hundred years ago Giorgio Castriota, alias Iskender Bey, alias Scanderbeg, alias the Dragon of Albania, became a Moslem and took service with the Sultan of Turkey, under whom he held high office for twenty years. Then, when the Hungarian Hunyadi Janos had won a convenient victory over his masters, Scanderbeg suddenly recalled that years before the Turks had villainously poisoned his own two brothers; he turned Christian, rallied the mountain clans about himself, and fared forth to battle, slaying 3,000 Turks, according to tradition, with his own brown fists. Just what part of the first Scanderbeg's history does Scanderbeg III wish particularly to recall?

LIBERIA'S RUBBER PLANTATIONS, far away on the tropic coast of Africa, dominated the closing days of the Williamstown Institute of Politics. Raymond Leslie Buell, research director of the Foreign Policy Association, repeated the story which he told in *The Nation* for May 2. Following Mr. Hoover's screams about the British rubber monopoly, he said, Harvey Firestone and his associates planned a rubber empire in the little Negro republic, and the State Department supported his dream. William R. Castle, Jr., Acting Secretary of State, promptly came forward with a "denial" which abundantly substantiated Mr. Buell's essential charges. Liberia is today an American colony. The revenues of the Government can be expended only in accordance with a budget drawn up by a financial adviser designated by the President of the United States; the Liberian treasurer cannot write a check until it has been preaudited by an American auditor. The customs are collected by Americans, at a cost of 24.3 per cent, as compared with 4.5 per cent in the neighboring British colony of Sierra Leone. Firestone has taken over a million acres of land—4 per cent of the entire territory of this jungle country—for his plantations, and is recruiting a labor army on terms which, while comparing favorably with those used on some other African colonies, still constitute, as Mr. Buell says, "virtual slave labor." While enlightened British and French colonial administrators are seeking to build up a native small-farm system, the United States throws its influence in behalf of the murderous plantation system which has ruined the Congo. We hope that Secretary Castle will issue more "denials"; they advertise hidden facts.

DISASTERS LIKE THE SUBWAY WRECK of August 24 in New York City are usually followed by a tedious and agonizing game of legal hide-and-seek. Claim adjusters and "ambulance-chasers" vie with each other in frightening or cajoling inexperienced victims, and sometimes both the victims and the corporations are robbed of huge sums by these middlemen of the calamity market. Delay in winning damages in our overcrowded courts is one of the worst features of such disasters. In the case of five women workers poisoned by radium in a New Jersey factory only the vigorous campaign of the New York *World* brought about a settlement in time for the compensation to be of any use to the victims. Obviously, the proper place to settle damage cases in which the responsibility for the disaster is clear is a committee of arbitration. We heartily indorse the campaign of the New York *Telegram* to bring about a settlement of all the claims growing out of the Times Square subway wreck through arbitration, with immediate payment of hospital bills and emergency relief funds by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. Perhaps the use of temporary arbitration committees will lead to the establishment of permanent State or federal bodies to take such cases out of our overburdened courts.

WE NEED MORE COAL BARONS like Josephine Roche of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company of Colorado. In a State which is dominated by anti-union employers and made notorious by the slaughter of miners in

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great strikes Miss Roche has set out to make her mines a model of social justice. She gained control of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company a little more than a year ago and put its five mines in charge of progressive officials for reorganization. On September 1 a contract between her company and the United Mine Workers went into effect for an increase of wages, the elimination of certain working conditions, the substitution of peaceful collective bargaining for strikes, and the establishment of a new department of medicine and sanitation. The miners receive twenty-three cents a day more than under the prevailing wage-scale in the district, and they agree to cooperate in maintaining efficiency so that the company can afford to pay the differential. A complete system of socialized medical service is set up under the joint support and control of the miners and the company. The most significant thing in Miss Roche's policy and the thing which differentiates it most clearly from the Rockefeller company-union policy in Colorado is that she trusts the miners to choose their own leaders and affiliate with their own national organization. We hope that the miners will justify her confidence and demonstrate that social justice in coal mining is commercially practical.

BEFORE THE NEW BEDFORD ROTARY CLUB serious-minded New Englanders recently discussed the problem of getting rid of the "Red menace" that has loomed so large since the start of the New Bedford textile strike. The speaker of the day was Edward H. Hunter, executive secretary of the Industrial Defense Association of Boston. He reported enthusiastically the handling of Reds in other localities; he told how the radicals in Colorado had been locked in box-cars and sent out of the State, and how the police in Lynn and other cities had issued "warnings" forceful enough to result in the departure of radicals. Another speaker, John L. Burton, a mill agent, told how the strike in Lawrence was broken when one of "Big Bill" Haywood's followers was "taken up an alley and everybody, police and all, had a belt at him." As soon as questions were in order Mayor Ashley rose to speak.

> I have been criticized [he said] a great deal by men sitting before you now for not driving the so-called radicals out of this city . . . or for ever allowing them to come in. Mr. Hunter, do you know of any law that gives me or the chief of our police power to ship them out of New Bedford?

Alas, at this point Mr. Hunter was a disappointment: he did not know of any such law and could only suggest "education" as a means of combating the Reds. Why, that's the sort of stuff the intelligentsia and Bolsheviki talk.

THE FRENCH POLICE lacked the Gallic flair when they stopped ten stalwart women at the gates of Rambouillet. Not understanding the enthusiasm of American feminists for martyrdom they arrested them; and accordingly they put the cause of equal rights for women on the front pages of some thousands of newspapers. Miss Doris Stevens and her associates of the Committee on International Action of the National Women's Party had seized the occasion of the signing of the Kellogg peace pact to demand a hearing on their proposed international treaty guaranteeing equal rights for women. Their letters were not answered, except in an ill-humored and uncalled-for statement by Mrs. Frank Kellogg, but the undaunted feminists persisted. When the President of France invited the plenipotentiaries to lunch at Rambouillet Miss Stevens's little army arrived ahead of time. They presented a note, requesting a ten minutes' audience. The police officer in charge thought the ladies out of place and told them so; apparently he tore up their note and threw it on the ground. The ladies sought to enter the grounds, and soon found themselves in the town jail. The police officers offered them freedom if they would promise to return peaceably to Paris —a grave misunderstanding of feminist character—and, of course, they refused. "The fact that we were stopped is proof of the existing international subjugation of women," announced Miss Stevens. Nonsense! A raiding party of men would have been far worse treated.

STEAMSHIP SPEED has become a topic of animated discussion again with the launching of the new North German Lloyd liners Europa and Bremen. A good deal of secrecy surrounds the potentialities of these vessels, but English shipping journals concede the probability that the German liners will prove to be the fastest afloat, capturing the blue ribbon for speed on the North Atlantic which Great Britain has held for the past score years, thanks to the fleetness of the no longer new but marvelously enduring Mauretania. It is said that the Europa and Bremen, sister ships, will be capable of averaging 26½ knots an hour, which if realized will give them a slight edge on the "Big Mary," whose record passage from New York to Cherbourg was made at an average of 26¼ knots. It is known anyhow that the new liners are 938 feet in length, the longest in the world, although their gross tonnage of 46,000 makes them considerably smaller than several other vessels. This means an unusually narrow hull, evidently built for high speed. For many years there has been practically no competition in speed on the North Atlantic. Rivalry has been in the direction of size, and more lately luxury. The Germans first won the speed pennant on the North Atlantic in 1897, holding it for a decade, originally with the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse and later with the Deutschland. If they regain the blue ribbon when the Europa and Bremen go into service, it may open a new era of transatlantic speed competition.

"BARE LEGS? What of them?" said William J. Bogan, superintendent of Chicago schools, when the important question of stockingless girl students came to him for final judgment. He regarded such questions, he said, "as being none of my business—and none of the business of the school-teachers." This sounds to us like old-fashioned horse sense of a variety infrequent among school superintendents. Let the girls come to school in one-piece bathing suits, if they want to—and the trend of the times seems to indicate that they may soon want to. It will do nobody any harm: and perhaps, if they meet no astonishment or rebuke, they may discover that they prefer ankle-length skirts or some other novel and exciting form of clothing. The prurient meddlers who have been shocked in the past by low necks, short sleeves, bobbed hair, and knee-length skirts have gradually become accustomed to the idea that there is nothing inherently immoral in certain portions of the human figure, and as time goes on bare legs may well become as commonplace as bare arms. Bare legs are no more indecent in a schoolroom than on a bathing-beach, and Chicago is a better city for having discovered that fact. The world will be a more comfortable place, and a decenter, when we progress to the point when both men and women can comfortably go to work in bathing-suits—with pockets.

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# The Importance of Six Men

CONGRESS, of course, drafts the bills and votes them, a vastly important task in this republic, but in a Presidential year a foreign visitor would be led to believe that Congress was negligible and that we were electing a dictator. It is Smith or Hoover, and all the rest goes by the board; the most important thing a candidate for the national legislature can do, apparently, is to vow his faith in his party's candidate for the Presidency.

But when Work and Raskob have spent their four or five million dollars each in "educating" the country, and when the votes have been counted and either Al or Herbert sits in the White House, the country will wake up to discover that the really decisive factor upon almost every issue which the candidates are discussing is the make-up of Congress. Prohibition, farm relief, water-power, imperialism, tariff, taxation—upon every one of the issues the President can only recommend, or, in the end, veto. Congress will initiate the legislation; and the leaders of Congress will put their stamp upon the bills.

This country owes a vast debt of gratitude to its Congress in recent years. The Presidency has been a disgrace, and the executive departments have abandoned functions assigned them by the Constitution. Even Mr. Hoover today is hesitating to praise the Harding Administration of which he was a distinguished part; the Republican leaders have abandoned the attempt to maintain holy the memory of those evil days. For salvation from that sink of corruption we owe thanks to no one in the responsible executive departments, but to a nonpartisan band of able, honest, fearless men in the two houses of Congress, particularly in the Senate. It was a group of such Senators—notably Senators La Follette and Thomas Walsh—who discovered and explored the oil scandals and forced an unwilling President to prosecute Sinclair and Doheny. It was Senator Wheeler's committee which forced the President to abandon the unspeakable Daugherty. But for the progressive bloc in the Senate Albert Fall might still be a respected leader of the Republican Party. But for that same progressive bloc, led in this instance by Senator Norris, the enormous water-power resources of Muscle Shoals would have been tossed away to private interests for a song and the Boulder Dam site been lost.

"Whether progressives vote for Smith or Hoover or Thomas is comparatively unimportant," says the People's Legislative Service; "the all-important thing is to stabilize the power of the saving progressive forces in Congress. The presence of George W. Norris in the Senate means immensely more for human rights than the presence of anybody in the White House who can be placed there by the process of climbing up the golden stairs." That is true; and we hope that voters in the States where progressives are coming up for reelection will realize the national importance of their votes. With the candidates among whom we are likely to choose it may make little difference whether a Republican or a Democrat is elected to the Senate from New York, Ohio, or Michigan; but the voters of Washington, where Senator Dill, Democrat, is seeking reelection; of Montana, where Wheeler, another Democrat, again faces the electors; of Wisconsin, where "Young Bob" La Follette asks indorsement of his service; of Minnesota, where Shipstead is again campaigning under the Farmer-Labor banner; of Nebraska, where the fate of Senator Norris's colleague, Robert Beecher Howell, is at stake; and of North Dakota, where Lynn Frazier, another Republican, asks to be returned to the Senate—the voters of these six States, we say, are casting votes of importance to every progressive in the country. To lose any one of these six men from the Senate would be a calamity; it would seem to mean that the voters of the Northwest, long the torchbearers of progressive political principles, had turned their backs upon men who, in this last dark quinquennium, have been in a real sense saviors of the nation.

Party means little to these men; and in their grouping about principles and issues lies one of the chief hopes of the American democracy. We are still far from the formation of an effective third party in the country at large; but in the Senate these men have acted as a third party of significance. At times other Senators have joined forces with them—notably, among these seeking reelection this year, Hiram Johnson of California and David I. Walsh of Massachusetts. Senator Neely of West Virginia has also sometimes shown independence of party ties. (Senator Bruce of Maryland, for that matter, has voted more often as a Republican than as a Democrat, but while we respect his personal independence we detest his antiquated Bourbon principles.) The significant thing about these men—the thing which we should like to believe has a meaning for the American future—is that they are campaigning upon their records. They do not say "Reelect me because I have been true to my party." They say "Reelect me because I have served you, the people of my State, because I have fought corruption in high places, stood for decency in international relations, fought to save the national resources from selfish grabbers."

Party lines are breaking all over the country. The break is, to be sure, most marked in what may in the long run be the least significant issue—prohibition. Senator Blaine of Wisconsin, Republican, has given a partial indorsement to Candidate Smith, Democrat, because of his stand on the prohibition issue. Senator Simmons, Democrat, of North Carolina, has announced that he will vote for neither candidate. Ardent Drys in the erstwhile Solid South are deserting Smith; Wet business leaders in the East, normally Republicans, flock to the Smith banner. We welcome this bursting of party ties; we hope that it will leave behind it a strengthening of the Mugwump tradition of party independence. The fetish of party regularity has been a curse in American political life, and the time will come, we hope and believe, when men will feel it a personal disgrace to say that they vote as their fathers voted, or to boast that they have never split a ticket.

Meanwhile we appeal to our readers to recall the importance of the Congressional campaign and to reelect men who, not in this campaign alone but throughout their political careers, have set progressive principle above party. La Follette, Wheeler, Shipstead, Frazier, Howell, Dill—the return of those six men to the Senate is a matter of importance to every progressive-minded citizen of America.

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# What Brookwood Means

MATTHEW WOLL says that workers' education must teach only such doctrines as he approves. Mr. Woll, who is vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, succeeded in persuading the executive council of the federation to urge affiliated unions not to support Brookwood Labor College. The action is not only the most serious blow which reactionaries have struck at workers' education in the United States, but it is a blow below the belt. Brookwood was tried without a trial and condemned without a hearing. No person having any official connection with the college even knew that an investigation was in progress. Vague charges were made that the college was encouraging anti-religious teaching, antagonism to the American Federation of Labor, and pro-soviet demonstrations, and apparently Mr. Woll thought that such charges were enough. But as soon as the action of the executive council of the federation had been announced such a deluge of protests from educators and labor leaders poured in upon President William Green that he hastily announced a postponement of "decisive action" until members of the council should have an opportunity to examine protests. The only adequate reply he can make is to issue a call for a public hearing on all charges.

Brookwood is not a doctrinaire institution. Its teachers are men of academic distinction and its graduates have a notable record of constructive work inside the American Federation of Labor; and control of the college rests in the hands of labor directors who are faithful members of the federation. It is one of the few educational institutions in America which practice complete freedom of speech and democracy in control. Faculty and students participate in the management of the school; and if on occasion the students have elected two or three Communists as members of a board of directors which has nineteen members, what does that prove? A. J. Muste, chairman of the faculty, sums up Brookwood's educational method in these words:

> At Brookwood all issues confronting the labor movement are discussed, all points of view are given a hearing, no effort is made to indoctrinate anybody, to force any opinions down anyone's throat, to tell people what to think. But rather we strive to develop in the students the ability to think for themselves and to settle problems on the basis of facts and not prejudice or mere opinions.

Behind the Brookwood situation lies the failure of the Workers Education Bureau to maintain vigorous life under the policing of Matthew Woll and other labor officials. This bureau, to which Brookwood is affiliated, was founded by progressives seven years ago and turned over to the rule of the American Federation of Labor in the hope that the federation would develop its program. It seems that the hope was not justified. The bureau has published excellent labor textbooks, but it has received only lip-service from orthodox labor leaders. The moderate success of workers' education experiments in Philadelphia, Portland, Denver, Baltimore, and Boston has not been due to the national bureau. If Brookwood, which has been the most hopeful part of the Workers Education Bureau, is now forced out, the logical result would be the formation of a new workers' educational body standing squarely for intellectual freedom.

# Hot Weather

WITHOUT too much conviction we should like to put in a word for hot weather. We say without too much conviction, because there are times when we doubt our ability to stand much more of it and because we do not too confidently expect to be agreed with anyway. But there is something to be said for July and August—otherwise, it occurs to us, how could the Roman makers of our calendar have been willing to name these two months for two rulers whom they obviously respected? There is something to be said for them in spite of the fact that they bring with them the dog days, torrential rains, and the Fourth of July.

It is simply that Americans talk too much about heat. Long ago it became fatal to make a certain distinction between heat and humidity; but we still take the whole matter much too seriously. Why, we know nothing at all of heat if we call our summers hot. We creatures who exist in a thermometrical region which measures only 200 degrees from top to bottom know nothing, really, of the things nature could do to us if she liked. Like mites we crawl along the lower reaches of her mercury tube, and like mites we suppose we experience all that is to be experienced. And to be sure, when we winter in the Antarctic or go walking in some of the incredibly cold mountains of little-known Siberia we are within less than 200 degrees of absolute zero, or the coldest temperature that science can demonstrate to be possible. But we are so far from the other end of the scale as to be quite negligible among creatures of heat. Consider the sun, whose surface, if by any chance we approached it, would volatilize us so quickly that only the spectroscope could testify to our presence there among the other gases. The sun's surface is 2,000 degrees Centigrade above the boiling-point of carbon, or some 6,000 degrees in all. That, we admit, *is* heat—though we are prepared to entertain conceptions of systems by the side of which our solar one is as a dish of ice. Indeed, at this time of year we like to play with such notions; or else we merely remember that in certain laboratories men with goggles over their eyes are experimenting with temperatures that go up the scale not by tens of degrees about which we write articles in the newspapers but by the hundreds and thousands that only the gases know.

Every American family has, or ought to have, a young son who scorns "the terrible heat" and makes a brave show of enjoying it. We know many such, and it would seem that they achieved their philosophy through hearing too much complaint from Mother, Aunt Lettie, and those other women folks whose tradition it is to turn fiery red in August, seize palm leaves, and suffer even while they fan. These are the boys who know how to open the necks of their shirts and take the season easy; who relax and expand as the air grows generous around them; who see in the stationary days of July and August a truce patched up by earth with passing time; and who seek the shade of a sycamore, if they seek shade at all, with dignity and composure. It is the one portion of the year when they can wear so little clothing as to be unconscious of it, and in more important ways it is the freest time they will ever know. We do not wish them cold summers by any means; and we suspect that no one does, not even Aunt Lettie.

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# It Seems to Heywood Broun

I HAVE always been a little dubious as to the validity of the familiar theory about the artist and a life of sin. If one were an artist it would, of course, be a convenient theory. Some hold that it is good for the man of high talent to be fairly footloose from inhibitions. With certain nice reservations it may be to his advantage, and to the advantage of the world in the long run, that he should find in life the things he wants. But, for that matter, the same rule holds good for other individuals who are not artists.

The flaw in the theory of looseness for art's sake is that immorality is responsible for almost as many catchwords and false traditions as virtue itself. Only very fine spirits have ever been able to sin without self-consciousness and a sense of obligation. Eighty-three per cent of all dissipation is undertaken not so much from any honest longing as from a feeling that it is the thing to do.

The reservoir in Central Park could be filled to overflowing with cocktails which were imbibed by persons who did not really want them at all but feared that refusal would seem a little churlish. Perhaps there was a time in the dim past when such things could go simply by preference. It is not that way in our own day. The man who refuses a cocktail, whether he wants it or not, is set down by the company as one who intends to vote for Herbert Hoover, as a prig and a Puritan, and as a jingo who believes in the maintenance of a big navy and intervention in Nicaragua.

There are sharp claws in the velvet of gallantry. The emancipated woman may be a courageous soul who has just come into heaping handfuls of new freedom. But the emancipated male has precious little freedom. Indeed he confesses as much by adopting the descriptive phrase "a regular fellow."

Without doubt Joseph of the Bible is the most maligned character in all history. He fled from an entanglement for the sufficient and excellent reason that it was not to his liking and for centuries since his name has been held up to scorn. To say of a man that he is a Joseph is to call him prude and cad. To this extent at least I believe in the single standard of morality. The world holds that the conduct of a woman is excellent when she refuses the advances of a man. That same world sniggers contemptuously when it hears of any man who has refused the advances of a woman. There is no sense in that. I am choosing to assume for the sake of the argument that in this modernistic world there may be women who make advances.

For me the most eloquent moment in "What Price Glory" was not directly concerned with war and battles. Through one brief scene the play touched something much more fundamental. We watched Captain Flagg, just back from turmoil in the trenches, make love to the resident French belle of the village. Louis Wolheim played the incident superbly. He acted the part of a man consumed with deep fatigue. Even his shoulder-blades seemed to sag. But so puritanical are the wicked that they set up for themselves certain standards which must be followed even in grave default of desire. There is an old wives' tale that soldiers home from the wars, even for an hour, must be gallant and insistent in their dealings with all women. Captain Flagg was under the tug of this tradition. His inclination could not be considered. And so with all the good-will he could muster he made hot love to the fat siren. She refused him. With a happy sigh he accepted the rebuff and went to quarters bearing with him brandy. Under the circumstances no blame could be attached to him. He had asked and been turned down. Honor, at least, was satisfied.

And so, if I were an artist, I would not pay much attention to the theory that genius must develop by promenades along the primrose path. Certainly I would not walk there through any sense of duty. It does not seem to me that the artist in search of educational experiences presents a very attractive figure. No matter what he says his words must convey the thought, "Please fly with me and be my love, because I am planning a new novel and it must be animated by fire and by passion." I should hardly think that any woman would regard it as an endearing proposal.

For that matter, what is the source of this nonsense about a writer's having to experience life in order to write about it? Very possibly a person never touched by any emotion will find it difficult to create in his own stories authentic pathos and passion. But surely it is silly to suppose that he must mirror his own experiences in any exact way. Almost the best chapter in modern fiction about a wild, rough party in a French cabaret occurs in a novel by May Sinclair. It seems to me a good bet that Miss Sinclair was never present at such an orgy. Indeed that would be much the best way in which to deal with the incident. The greatest tales of adventure are those written by innocent bystanders. If a publisher wanted a first-rate story of the prize ring he would be far more shrewd to try to enlist the services of Thornton Wilder than to sign up Mr. Tunney.

Since literature is one of the widest and most popular avenues of escape it is not well for art to have all frustrations and inhibitions erased from life's potentialities. I do not mean to suggest that there is any very present danger that such a state of things will come to pass. Still, in the future it may be that Freud and all the little Freudians will manage to bring about the death of writing. When no shoe pinches there will never again be anyone to sit down and spin a tale about a prince, a princess, and a glass slipper.

All of which brings me back to the theory that the primrose path is no proper thoroughfare for the creative artist. I am prepared to argue this from two angles mutually exclusive. In the first place nobody ever shed an inhibition simply by going out and behaving in anti-social fashion. In psychiatric fields man is not saved by works. Salvation comes through faith alone. But if it were true that in high jinks there lay emancipation still this form of escape were best denied to those who want to paint, or sing, or write. Let them stew in their complexes and from out the cauldrons there will come in time a sweet and potent incense. St. Paul was speaking merely of Christians in general when he said that it was better to marry. Those to whom the torch is flung had better burn. Indeed before they ever blaze up with any bright and all-sufficient flame there must be years in which they smoke and smolder.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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# Insull-ating the Coolidge Cabinet

By FREDERIC BABCOCK

NEARLY forty years ago a bright young man arrived in Chicago from a small town downstate. He had little money, but he was ambitious, and he knew what he wanted.

Admitted to the bar when he was only twenty-two, Roy O. West decided that his road to success lay via politics, and he knew that success in politics comes from unquestioning, unswerving devotion to the dominant party. Such are the opportunities offered in our glorious republic (where, as Mr. Hoover pointed out in such original fashion when he first heard of his nomination, even the humblest boy can rise to be President) that within four years' time Mr. West had become Assistant County Attorney. The year following that he was appointed City Attorney and three years after that he was made a member of the Board of Review of Cook County.

Entering the last-named position while still in modest circumstances, he held it for sixteen years. In that time he passed upon the tax assessments of many thousands of individuals and corporations, including some of the wealthiest persons and some of the greatest corporations in the country. At the end of that time he retired, wealthy in his own name. His recipe for success had been tried and found not wanting. But, after having worked all those years on a salary of $7,000 a year, and kept up his family's position in the meantime, how he could quit with a fortune was, and still is, a matter of considerable speculation on the part of Cook County taxpayers.

Whatever may have been the source or sources of his income, his long "public service" enabled him to make some highly desirable connections, including those with railroads, mining interests, and one Samuel Insull. He became attorney for those interests, for Mr. Insull, and for other persons and interests that have cause to deal with the public. And he represented a number of them even while he was acting in his supposed capacity as a guardian of the common good.

Meanwhile, he continued his profitable political work. He served for ten years as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, was four times delegate to the national conventions, and at length reached the eminence of secretary of the National Committee. During all that time he was a valued member of the Deneen gang—the organization that biennially battles the Bill Thompson gang for the pie and patronage of Chicago and Illinois. It is not recorded that he was much of a lawyer, but it is not denied that he was a great politician; that is, if you can call a faithful Friday to Senator Deneen a great politician.

On July 27, 1926, Mr. West appeared before the Reed committee investigating the campaign expenditures of one Frank L. Smith, and testified that he had handled Insull money in the Illinois primaries, that he had been attorney for the Insull crowd since 1897, and that he had "always conferred with Mr. Insull as to investments, particularly concerning his own companies, and as to politics, during these twenty-five or more years." Mr. Insull, as everyone knows, is the power behind the power combine that is fast reaching out to grab up the nation's natural resources and weld the populace into one vast, benighted serfdom. The primary in question was the one in which Mr. Insull contributed $125,000 to put Mr. Smith in the Senate, Mr. Smith being at that time, and having been for several years, chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission, with direct supervision over the rates and earnings of Mr. Insull's Illinois public utilities.

On July 20, 1928, one Calvin Coolidge announced the appointment of Mr. West as Secretary of the Interior. As such, Mr. West now finds himself face to face with the question of whether Boulder Dam shall be operated under public or private control, a similar question as to Muscle Shoals, and the perplexing problem of harnessing the power combine of Mr. Insull and his associates. To put it a bit more bluntly, Mr. Insull's attorney, holding large blocks of stock in Mr. Insull's properties, now sits as judge and final authority in matters involving Mr. Insull's interest as opposed to the public interest. Mr. Insull failed in his effort to send his friend Mr. Smith to the Senate wing of the Capitol, but he did even better by sending his own man to rule under the very shadow of the dome. And we, the people, let him "get away with it."

In a letter not meant for publication the director of "the Missouri Committee on Public Utility Information"—in other words, a glorified press agent for the power interests—a few years ago referred to country editors as "God's fools." Perhaps he meant to include all of us.

It is true that already there is agitation against confirmation of the appointment by the Senate, but it also is true that the power combine already is boasting that the movement will lead nowhere. Legal advisers are reported to have informed the Administration that Mr. Insull's hired man is safe under the practice by which a recess appointee holds office—unless adverse action is taken on a request for confirmation—until the last day of the following session of Congress.

Inasmuch as President Coolidge and his Cabinet will go out of office March 4, 1929, the last day of the coming session of Congress, those who have received recess appointments may serve until that date without any Senate action whatsoever. Thus we find the door open for a cowardly entrance of a Cabinet appointee who never could face the glare of a Senate searchlight. The Senate turned down Mr. Smith, but it looks as if its hands would be tied in case it tries to do the same to Mr. West.

The President remembers only too well his experience with the recalcitrant Senate in the naming of Charles B. Warren—to mention only one. It is generally understood that he has no wish for a clash on appointments in the closing days of his Administration, and it also is generally understood that if there is any danger of adverse action on the name of Mr. West, either that name will not be sent to the Senate at all or else the Administration friends (meaning, principally, one Charles Curtis, majority leader and Vice-Presidential nominee, and one George Moses of the Hoover managers) will see to it that the question of confirmation does not come to a vote. Thus, only in the event that Mr. West is reappointed by Herbert Hoover (as-

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suming that Mr. Hoover is elected President) will Senate approval be necessary.

Query No. 1—Mr. Coolidge, what promises, if any, were made to you or anyone else, by Mr. Insull or any of his allies, of contributions to the 1928 Republican campaign fund in return for the appointment of Mr. Insull's attorney to sit in your Cabinet?

Query No. 2—Mr. Hoover, what do you, as a reputed friend of public ownership of Boulder Dam, purpose to do about continuing in office, after you get in office, the attorney of the men most active in fighting that public ownership—the men who, as shown in the Federal Trade Commission hearings, have sought to debauch the press, the schools, and the nation itself in order to gain their ends?

Query No. 3—Mr. United States Senator, do you recall the case of one Richard Ballinger, a Secretary of the Interior in the pre-war days, when we still clung to the quaint notion that a public office is a public trust, and do you recall what happened to Mr. Ballinger when it was found that he was too closely connected with certain private interests that came within the purview of his office? Is your memory long enough to recall the case of one Albert B. Fall and a certain desolate tract known as Teapot Dome? If so, do you purpose to sit supinely by while this newest deal, this latest brazen assault on the body politic, is perpetrated by the executive branch of the government? Will you permit the tragi-comedy to go so far as to have Insull put his man-servant in the seat of the one who is supposed to act as the watchdog of our natural resources? Must we now complete the trilogy with another Ballinger, another Fall, in the Interior department? Might not a nice little investigation of the whole stinking mess by the United States Senate prove interesting?

Query No. 4—Mr. Common Citizen, what do *you*, the victim in all such transactions, purpose to do about it?

But, after all, why raise all these distressing doubts and questions? Mr. West is an eminently respectable citizen, a member of the Union League Club, and a strict Methodist. His personal life is pure. In the Cabinet he will be a fit playmate for Mr. Wilbur, the Sunday-school teacher from California, and Mr. Sargent, the Great Stone Face from New England.

# Either Way, the South Wins

By J. N. AIKEN

PRESIDENTIAL politics, usually a tame business in the States below the Potomac, is warming up. With an effrontery which a large number of Southern voters cannot understand, the Democratic Party has nominated for the Presidency a candidate whose religious affiliation and whose attitude on prohibition run counter to long-established Southern taboos. As a result, there are explosions of Democratic discontent in Dixie. Men and women who have been accustomed to regard their politics as a sacred inheritance from the past are openly leaving or threatening to leave their party to vote the oil ticket rather than support a Democratic candidate who is a Catholic and a Wet. So seriously is the tendency to bolt regarded that in many quarters lugubrious voices are heard prophesying that this year the electoral vote of the Southern States will go to a Republican, and it is even suggested that the nomination of Governor Smith may give Republican candidates for Congress a chance in some districts unchangingly Democratic in their complexion since the Civil War.

*In its issue of August 29* The Nation *published an article by Calvin B. Hoover expressing the opinion that whatever its party affiliations might become, the South was destined for many years to remain solidly conservative in its economic principles and insistent in its demand for white hegemony. The author of the present article approaches the question from a different angle, and suggests other interesting possibilities.*

It is not the purpose here to pass on these—from the partisan viewpoint—dire prophecies. It is intended rather to emphasize the point that Governor Smith's nomination has made the South debatable political territory and inaugurated a real Presidential contest in a region where Presidential contests have for years been perfunctory. In this prospect is an omen of great promise for the South. Sharp political conflict nearly always holds the seeds of progress, and from the clash over Governor Smith's candidacy the South will reap a particularly rich harvest. Whatever the result of the poll, the Southern States stand to gain in freedom and in understanding.

Consider the possibilities. First, there is the possibility that the South may abandon its Democratic affiliation and vote for a Republican or an independent. For a section which for half a century has closed its mind to all except the partisan modes of thought suggested by the Democratic Party, this would be a notable step forward. Perhaps it would not lead immediately to the creation of a permanent minority party throughout the South. Southerners refusing to vote for Governor Smith might find themselves drawn back into the Democratic fold in ensuing elections. Democratic supremacy might be reestablished for a time, as has happened in Tennessee, which swung back to Davis in 1924 after voting for Harding in 1920. But if a large proportion of Southern voters should repudiate the Democratic candidate in the approaching election, the first step toward the establishment of a two-party system would have been taken. It would be apparent to the South that it could vote Republican without causing the sky to fall or the earth to open and swallow the nation. Later on, if an issue should arise on which voters might properly leave the Democratic Party and establish a permanent political affiliation elsewhere, the departure would be easier and less fraught with foreboding.

There is no need to elaborate on this possibility. It has been repeatedly canvassed both in the South and in other sections of the nation. An equally important possibility arising since the nomination of Governor Smith is one that seems to have received only slight consideration.

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It is the possibility that the South may support the Smith candidacy, and in so doing throw off its religious prejudices and the allegiance it has long owed to an ecclesiastical hegemony which through the Methodist and Baptist denominations and the Anti-Saloon League has exercised a preponderant influence on Southern life and thought. The South would gain just as much by escaping from the domination of this clerical group as it would from scrapping the one-party system.

The clerical leadership of the South has been singularly powerful and singularly unenlightened. It has been either directly or indirectly responsible for most of the intellectual atrocities that have made the South ridiculous in the eyes of the world these last few years. Clerical agitation created the state of mind which made possible the Tennessee anti-evolution law and the abortive attempts to enact similar legislation in other Southern commonwealths. Clerical leadership must, in the last analysis, accept responsibility for the attack on academic freedom at the University of Tennessee a few years ago and for unsuccessful ventures in the same direction at Wake Forest College and other Southern educational institutions. It is to blame for nearly all the attacks on liberty made under the guise of Dry-law enforcement. It cannot be said that the ministers leading the fundamentalist anti-evolution fight and encouraging the restriction of academic freedom are the same as those who have directed the prohibition agitation. But both groups stem from the same narrow root, and they are united in their opposition to the Smith candidacy, the chief basis of their opposition being their common suspicion of the Roman church. Southern voters supporting the Smith candidacy would in effect be repudiating the leadership of these groups and weakening their hold on Southern thought.

In making this statement it is only fair to point out that the Southern clergy are by no means unanimous in resorting to political means to attain religious ends. Outside the evangelical denominations and within them there are many ministers in the South who look askance at the ventures of their more dogmatic colleagues into the fields of politics and popular agitation. But the existence of this intelligent minority does not alter the fact that the South has long suffered from a plague of ecclesiastical Heflins whose activities have imposed a serious intellectual and political handicap on the entire region.

There can be no assurance that the South will repudiate these mischief-makers in the November election, but such a repudiation seems to be quite as much of a possibility as a repudiation of the Democratic Party. In support of this statement a reference may be made to the fact that straw votes in the Southern States indicate a surprising popular disregard of clerical leadership on the Smith candidacy. For example, while 346 Democratic ministers out of 479 participating in an Anti-Saloon League poll in Virginia said they would vote for a Dry Republican in preference to a Wet Democrat, Governor Smith captured two-thirds of the total vote in newspaper polls conducted in Richmond and Norfolk. Popular sentiment would seem in this instance to run decidedly counter to ecclesiastical sentiment.

Heretofore the purposes of the Democratic Party and those of the ecclesiastical politicians in the South have been sufficiently close together for the Southern voter to follow both without difficulty. But with the nomination of Governor Smith, the paths of the two influences diverged. On the one hand, is the party with which the South has been affiliated since Reconstruction times asking the Southern States to remain true to their traditional party allegiance. On the other, are the spokesmen for the ecclesiastical group demanding continued recognition for the voice of the church in political affairs. The Southern voter cannot follow his ministerial advisers without repudiating his party. He cannot follow his party without repudiating his ministerial advisers. Whichever path he chooses, he will have to leave behind an affiliation which has for long years acted as a brake on his political and intellectual progress.

# Citizen, Do Your Duty!

By WILLIAM JOURDAN RAPP

MARY belongs to the League of Women Voters, the main function of whose members, as far as I can ascertain, is to get their husbands to vote. Thus the first day of registration saw us both at the little hut of the Board of Elections on the corner of our street.

"When did you last vote and where?" the clerk demanded.

"In California, in 1924," we both replied.

We must have looked like Democrats, for the Republican watcher came forward and said: "You can't register! If you've never voted before in this State, you've got to give proof of literacy."

"We'd be glad to read anything—a newspaper, or this book!" I picked up a copy of the election laws.

"That's no good! We ain't examiners!"

"Well, both my wife and I are college graduates. I should think that ought to be enough proof of literacy."

"Got your diplomas?" The watcher looked at us suspiciously.

"I think we have."

"Bring them and let's have a look at them!"

Mary and I meekly left to do as directed.

Although my wife located her diploma without difficulty, I was unable to find mine after looking through innumerable drawers, trunks, and suit-cases. Finally Mary suggested that if I took along a few of my publications, they might prove adequate. So I armed myself with copies of half-a-dozen reprints of my contributions to various scientific periodicals and a volume entitled "Acanthia lectularia as a Disease Carrier," which was my Doctor of Philosophy thesis. Surely these would prove that I was literate.

This time Mary passed muster. Her diploma was an "open sesame" to registration. But my articles and book proved worthless. Somebody else might have written them for me. Don't Henry Ford publish books, and they say he can't either read or write? The Chicago *Tribune's* attorneys in the famous libel case couldn't get him to read on the witness stand. These were the Republican watcher's arguments. I concluded that I must have all the ear-marks of the perfect Democrat, and I took an oath that just for spite I would vote under the star for the rest of my life.

By now, I was determined if necessary to die in order to register. "How can I prove my literacy?" I demanded angrily.

"You'll have to take the test at the Public School."

Saturday night, the last day of registration, found me

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at the Public School. I had been unable to get there sooner. About a score of men and women were seated at the students' benches in one of the classrooms. They were mostly foreigners and seemed rather frightened at the ordeal before them.

The examiner entered. He was a large florid man and had the belligerent air of a court attendant. He disdainfully handed each of us a printed form, and then rapidly read off in a sing-song voice the following instructions:

> This is a test to see whether you can read and write English. On the other side of this sheet there is a selection for you to read. First, read the selection. Next, read the first question. Then, go back and read the selection until you find the answer to this first question. Usually, the answer will be only one or two words. When you have found the correct answer, write it on the dotted line after the first question. You need not answer in a complete sentence. Write the answer as plainly as you can, for this is a test of both reading and writing. Answer all the other questions in the same way. When you have answered every question, read the selection and answers to your questions over again, and make sure you have made no mistakes.

I turned over the printed sheet. At the top was this paragraph.

> George Washington is called the Father of His Country. As a boy he was strong and powerful, and liked sports. He always obeyed his parents and showed the best manners toward everybody. While he was still a schoolboy, he wrote a fine list of rules on good manners. This list of rules was for girls and boys to follow. As a man Washington loved his country. He was America's greatest leader in the Revolutionary War. After the war, he was elected the first President of the United States. He was President two terms, and refused a third term. He ranks as one of the greatest men of human history.

Then came these questions: 1. What is George Washington called? 2. Whom did he obey? 3. To whom did he show good manners? 4. On what subject did he write a list of rules? 5. Who were to use this list of rules? 6. What did this boy love when he grew up to be a man? 7. Of what country was he the greatest leader? 8. In what war was he the greatest leader? 9. To what great office was he elected after the war? 10. How does he rank among the men of the world?

Having read both W. E. Woodward and Rupert Hughes on our first President, these questions were a challenge. My answers were not orthodox. Number four I answered: "On the art of brewing." Number five: "The Americans of 1928." And number six: "A good drink!"

When the examiner read my replies, I thought his eyes would pop out of his head.

"Say, are you trying to kid me?" he asked.

"Not at all!"

"Well, where do you get this stuff?"

"Those are my honest opinions!"

"Nobody was asking you for your opinions. You're supposed to give the answers in the paragraph at the top of the sheet. If you don't, how do I know you can read?"

"You can see that I can write!"

"Yeh! But this is an examination in reading as well as in writing. I can't pass you on this. This ain't no proof that you're really literate."

I didn't register and I won't vote!

# In the Driftway

THE Drifter took a cigarette the other night from the package that was passed to him. "Stop," said the man on his right. "Don't you know you should never put that end of a cigarette in your mouth?" The Drifter hesitated, as he always does when spoken to in a loud, firm voice, and looked at the cigarette. He had removed it from the pack with two fingers; by some sleight-of-hand of which he was at the time unconscious he had turned it about so that the end which protruded from the package was the end that he inserted in his mouth. As he still looked blank, his friend went on to explain: "It's easy to see you don't work in a laboratory"—("Or anywhere else," said the man on his left, *sotto voce*); "if you were dealing with poisons of which a thousandth of a gram was fatal, you'd be careful to put in your mouth the end of a cigarette that is buried in the package, for fear something on your fingers might eventually get into your stomach!"

* * * * *

MEEKLY the Drifter obeyed; with life hanging by as slender a thread there was nothing else for him to do. But as he did so he pondered how a man guides his behavior by the daily occurrences of his life. Ordinarily familiarity with danger makes a man careless of it. Thus many a time the Drifter has watched steam riveters nonchalantly tossing red-hot rivets back and forth and catching them in a bucket while looking down into the street forty stories below; thus sailors leap along the rigging like monkeys with a mile of ocean down below; thus men, and even women, step into an airplane, smile at the news-reel photographers, and presently leap off into space with nothing between them and eternity but the cord of a parachute. Nothing of the sort had happened to the Drifter's friend of the poisons and the cigarette. Daily he collects on his fingers the means of death; it behooves him to mind his gestures. Not for him the luxury of licking his finger as he turns a page; not for him the bitten nail. He is familiar with death sure enough; but he can take no liberties with it.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has often wondered how it would be to know that he had only a few hours to live. What, for example, do men trapped in a submarine think about before the waters rise or the air grows thick? What does a man adrift on the sea, with no means of rescue in sight? What are the thoughts of men in a mine, far below air and safety, waiting for the help that never comes? Probably if the truth were known they think of very ordinary things. Their immediate concerns, their minute discomforts are of more moment to them than oblivion just around the corner. Wet feet seem more important than putting their house in order; damp matches are more distressing than the necessity of making their peace with God. The truth is that men avoid the presence of death as much as they can; they pretend it is not imminent; they swagger and shrug their shoulders as if they were going to live forever. When they speak sharply, when they act ever so little on edge, it is to caution a friend, to push a fellow-mortal away from the abyss. For themselves they are not afraid.

THE DRIFTER

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# Correspondence

## How Upton Sinclair Votes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I got some mail, and happened to see on the outside of one of the envelopes the name "Henry J. Allen." It sounded familiar. Many years ago I read "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me," by William Allen White.

I opened the envelope, and found that it was the same Martial Henry. He has written me a letter, which I hope is not confidential. In order to "form a definite opinion as to the popular status of Hoover support" he wants to know my preference for President, and my reasons. I have replied that my preference is Norman Thomas because *I want a man who did not sit in the Harding Cabinet* and keep his mouth shut.

*Long Beach, California, August 18* UPTON SINCLAIR

## Political Bigotry

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of your editorial on behalf of an immediate and unconditional pardon for Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings, may I call the attention of *The Nation's* readers to the unhappy contrast between the statesmanlike clemency of Governor Alfred Emanuel Smith of New York, as exemplified in his release of Larkin and Gitlow, his espousal of the political rights of the Socialist Assemblymen, his repudiation of the Lexow Committee hysteria, and his stand for even the liberty of Senator Heflin to abuse Smith and the Catholic church, and the insistent intolerance of Republican governors, both in California and the State of Washington, with respect to the class-war prisoners whom they continue to keep in jail in spite of their obvious innocence of crime? Mooney and Billings and the Centralia boys one and all are in jail only because Republican governors in the two States named have lacked the moral backbone and the political judgment to withstand the patrio-neurotics, and set these men free. I have no interest in seeing a Democrat elected as President, but as far as the Pacific Coast is concerned the Republican Party is steeped in political bigotry and economic intolerance. Smith's record for tolerance shines like a sun as compared with that of any Governor California or Washington has had in this generation. It is not too late for a changed record here, but the time is short.

*La Crescenta, California, August 26* ROBERT WHITAKER

## Rum, Romanism . . .

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My father, Matthew Watson, was a Chartist in Scotland, came to this country in 1850, voted for Frémont and Dayton in 1856, was a Black Abolitionist and a Republican until his death in his ninety-first year. It was in this tradition I was reared and was a Republican until after Grant's second term.

I have not voted any ticket but the Socialist, and deeply regret that I will not be able to vote for Norman Thomas, as there will be no Socialist ticket in Florida. Therefore if I vote at all, I have no choice but to vote for Governor Smith, as I have had all the Coolidge imperialistic policies I can stomach, and Mr. Hoover is pledged to make them his policies.

Many of the readers of *The Nation* will remember that the Rev. Burchard's "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" defeated James G. Blaine for the Presidency. The fanatical Rev. Mr. Straton gives promise of doing the same thing for Mr. Hoover. It would be a just return for such a publicity stunt.

*St. Petersburg, Fla., August 10* AGNES C. WATSON

## How Dry Is Hoover?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As I have always read *The Nation* with a feeling that its editors never knowingly took an unfair stand on men or issues I must write my protest against your treatment of Governor Smith. You, after the manner of a garbage snooper, detailed his purported liking for cocktails—at best it was only hearsay or privileged evidence. It was hardly fair, but I felt that you were going down the line and would give your readers the same information on Watson, Curtis, Dawes, and Hoover. But you didn't. Is Hoover a personal Dry? I hear that he is not.

*Los Angeles, August 23* WALTER M. BIXEL

## Two Pictures of Rumania

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two American travelers recently returned from Rumania. One, the Rev. Dr. Charles S. MacFarland, general secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, reported that the conditions of the Jews and other minority groups in Rumania was still extremely bad. The other, Leo Fischer, vice-president of the United Rumanian Jews of America, reported that conditions had bettered very much.

Dr. MacFarland is an American clergyman who, so far as is known, has no bias either for or against the Jews of Rumania or the Rumanian Government. He made a careful study of conditions in Rumania, and that study has led him to confirm the elaborate report made only a few months ago to the American Committee on the Rights of Religious Minorities (whose membership includes Messrs. Herbert Hoover, Willis, Howard Taft, and others) by a deputation of five prominent and impartial clergymen. This commission reported, after visiting the country, that Rumania has constantly violated its obligations to its minority groups—Jews, Hungarians, and others.

Mr. Fischer says that he went to Rumania expecting to find conditions very bad, and that he was agreeably surprised to find that they were very good. This would be interesting if true, but it should be recalled that even before Mr. Fischer went to Rumania his organization engaged in propaganda for the floating of a $60,000,000 Rumanian loan in this country, on the grounds that conditions were already improved and that reparations were being made for the frightful outrages of last December, in which Rumanian students traveled on government railroad passes from town to town in Transylvania, brutally attacking Jews, destroying property, desecrating synagogues, and causing several deaths.

I think it should further be known that Mr. Fischer was received in Rumania by the Queen and high officials, who showed him through the country. While there is no reason of which I know to question Dr. MacFarland's impartiality, it should be borne in mind that Mr. Fischer is printer to the Rumanian Legation at Washington.

On July 10 dispatches in Hungarian newspapers reported that Jewish passengers at the railway station of Marmaros-Sziget were maltreated, and that a factory owned by Jews was destroyed in a riot in that town. Later the Federation of Liberal Jewish Communities in Transylvania met and disclosed the fact that Transylvanian Jewry had not received a single penny from the indemnity allotments made by the Rumanian Government for the institutions destroyed in December.

*New York, July 20* HERBERT SOLOW

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# Books

## Autumn

By CHARLES NORMAN

The wind lunged against the trees,
fumbled the apples and stroked the leaves,
the night shrank coldly to the moon;
and in the sky there was a flight of stars
serenely eastward o'er the heaps of hills,
and past the men in armor that stood guard
at either end of the drawbridge went a light:
and for a space the Court Inviolable
assumed the splendor of a miracle
heretofore recorded in no wise
save in this chant that hath not reached men's ears
and will not ever, though the world endure,
be credited; but howsoe'er this be,
unto the very turrets of the town
ensconced behind the wall that girt it round,
despite the forest of tall men upon it,
the light unwavering appeared and stood
wheresoever there was shadow eke,
and smote the sight of all those marveling
as had a golden army from the sun
filled all the air with soundless flaming shafts.

## The Problem of Dialect

*The Happy Mountain.* By Maristan Chapman. The Viking Press. $2.50.

THIS is the mildly charming idyl of a hill-billy moon-calf, his disillusioning outland peregrination, and his relieved return to the happy mountain whereon dwell serenity and love. Though it should and undoubtedly will afford a transitory pleasure to thousands of readers, it is not in itself a work of any importance. But it does possess an extrinsic interest by virtue of the problems suggested by its use of a beautiful dialect.

The locale of "The Happy Mountain" is the hills of eastern Tennessee. There live a people who for generations have been so fortunately insulated from the standardizing currents of town and metropolis that they have preserved almost intact their peculiar speech and folk-ways. Their dialect appears to be a curiously rich and evocative mixture of rural neologisms with the spacious elegancies of the older English tongue. The associations of the tongue, recalling not only the Elizabethan age but Chaucerian and even pre-Chaucerian times, are exciting and many-vistaed. It is a speech at once so homely and so poetic that it strikes the appreciative reader as an instrument of extraordinary utility and beauty. The vocabulary itself is not varied (the really strange words defined in the glossary amount to barely a hundred) but the constructions are suppler than those of our everyday speech and many expressions which would ordinarily seem rather formal are used with a casualness that lends them a novel glamor. To his friend who may be outland-bound the Tennessee mountaineer will bid farewell with the grave and lovely phrase: "Give you good venture." Here is a typical conversation between the hero, Wait-Still-on-the-Lord Lowe, and his father, who is trying to dissuade the son from leaving the family hearth:

> "Then you aim to let go home and to journey forth?"
> "That's the way my head is set."
> "Got some saved wages laid by for the journey?"
> "I'd despise to be so forehanded. Hit'd be plain pointing scorn at the Lord, who's give me a strong body to win what I need to keep life within."
> "You'll not go with my willingness or consent."
> "Then sorrowfully I must go without it."

The combination here of rustic crudeness and a certain Puritan-like calm gravity is thoroughly delightful.

But the very excellent poetry of this mountain tongue presents a difficult problem for anyone who would use it not as a philological curiosity but as a dignified vehicle for the presentation of human character. Primarily, no dialect must emphasize itself unduly. The finer the dialect the thornier the problem. For if the reader's attention is continually diverted to the moving qualities of the language itself, he will be unable to reduce it to its proper position as a subordinate element in the work of art. To avoid this sense of disproportion the serious worker in dialect will try to do one of two things, or possibly he will do both, like Synge, perhaps the finest craftsman in dialect that modern English literature can boast of.

Happily, Synge was a dramatist; and the very form to which his genius was naturally attracted helped him to solve the first of the problems. This we may state by saying that the worker in dialect must avoid mixing his special speech with his conventional literary language. For otherwise the latter will call undue attention to the former; and once this splitting of the attention occurs, all is lost. Synge, of course, wrote plays, into which literary language cannot intrude except in the unimportant stage directions; but the same unity of speech is more frequently secured by the device of a dialect-speaking narrator, as in the Uncle Remus stories. This latter plan is probably the one that Mrs. Chapman should have followed. She sees the problem intelligently but solves it inadequately. Her idea is to forge, for the purposes of her non-dialogic narrative, a reminiscential speech which is to represent a grafting of the Tennessee dialect upon a conventional literary language. This is a dangerous and difficult thing to do; and only those who, like James Stephens, already possess a beautiful and distinctive English style have been able to effect the delicate fusion. Mrs. Chapman's melange is unsuccessful largely because her own regular style is merely pretty; it lacks originality and sinew and stands in sadly strong contrast with the vigorous language of her mountaineers. Consequently, the reader tends to skip the intervening narrative passages and concentrate on the dialogue, with the result that the book is broken in its effect.

The second problem presented by dialect is a more fundamental and serious one, depending, as it does, upon the depth of the artist's personality or upon the exactness of his sense of the harmonious. He may secure a subject of such profound implication and treat it with such profundity that the reader is moved *simultaneously* by it and by the language in which it is treated. This is the case with "Riders to the Sea," whose tragic grandeur resides as much in the central dramatic conception as in the melancholy strength of the Aran Islanders' speech. Here the question is obviously one of great writing; and Mrs. Chapman's is mediocre writing. Her story is oversimple and conventional; its climax, led up to by a cinema-chase during which the villain falls over the mountain-side, is melodramatic; and its poetical hero is automatic and unconvincing, uttering sentiments that clearly originate in Mrs. Chapman's own mind.

But the artist in dialect may be of very small caliber, his personality may be shallow, as Synge's was not; and still he may be able to create beautifully out of his special speech. This he may do by selecting a subject so peculiarly and exactly suited to his dialect as to fit it like a glove and so prevent again that bifurcation of the attention noted above. This is the method of Joel Chandler Harris. But Mrs. Chapman's story is not adapted for expression solely and perfectly through her moun-

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tain language. Here her hero is mainly at fault, for we have met his bewildered idealism a dozen times before in the pages of Mr. Dell, Mr. Anderson, and others. It seems probable that Mrs. Chapman got her major impulse to write "The Happy Mountain" from her sense of the picturesque values of the Tennessee speech; and then proceeded to construct a thoroughly mechanical story in which to embody it. This is not the procedure of the artist, and the utmost that can be said of the author of this novel is that she is a sensitive recorder of a colorful, rhythmic American folk-tongue.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

# American Specialists in Russia

*Soviet Russia in the Second Decade. A Joint Survey by the Technical Staff of the First American Trade Delegation.* Edited by Stuart Chase, Robert Dunn, and Rexford Guy Tugwell. The John Day Company. $4.

THIRTEEN specialists, composing the technical staff of the First American Trade Union Delegation, here present a dissection of the new social and political organism named by its creators the USSR. Having split the Russian body into its component parts, they allocated among themselves the sections on which their individual experience best qualified them to report. The result is not so much a unified work as a collection of résumés for as many books as there are chapter heads. To say that all its parts have general as well as specialized interest is high tribute to both authors and editors, who in three cases are identical. In no case has a writer forgotten the living body in examining his allotted limb, and we have, therefore, an analysis of enormous value to those interested in the progress of the Russian experiment. That it is progressing and not foundering in a Sargasso Sea of impractical dreaming, corruption, or incompetence is indicated despite the scrupulous care with which the technicians preserve their impartiality.

The year 1922 is given as that in which Russian reconstruction really began. The Bolsheviks who emerged to power in 1917 because they knew what they wanted created during the chaos of the intervening years the opportunity for the work which they are now directing. What that work is may be gathered from these sentences in the chapter entitled Industry and the Gosplan:

> To integrate in detail the economic life of one hundred and fifty million people over a six thousand mile stretch of territory is a bigger job than has ever been attempted in administrative annals. Only time can tell whether or not it is too big for human minds to cope with. But one can only stand bareheaded before the audacity and courage of the experiment.

This job has been intrusted since 1923 to the State Planning Committee, popularly known as the Gosplan. Legally it is only an advisory body, a branch of the Council of Labor and Defense. Actually the Supreme Economic Council, a cabinet department controlling the several hundred trusts which operate the bulk of industrial production, refers to the Gosplan for acceptance or revision all its own proposals. "Every agricultural center, every factory," writes Stuart Chase, "prepares reports that ultimately come into Gosplan calculations. . . . As a result every industrial unit knows where it functions, what it is expected to produce, what niche it fills in the whole national economy. I found no factory manager, no director of even the smallest agricultural station, who did not know all about the Gosplan, who did not feel its hand on his day-to-day work."

In a highly industrialized country like the United States such detailed and far-reaching state control would mean the almost complete socialization of the nation's resources. In Russia, indeed, less than 20 per cent of industrial production

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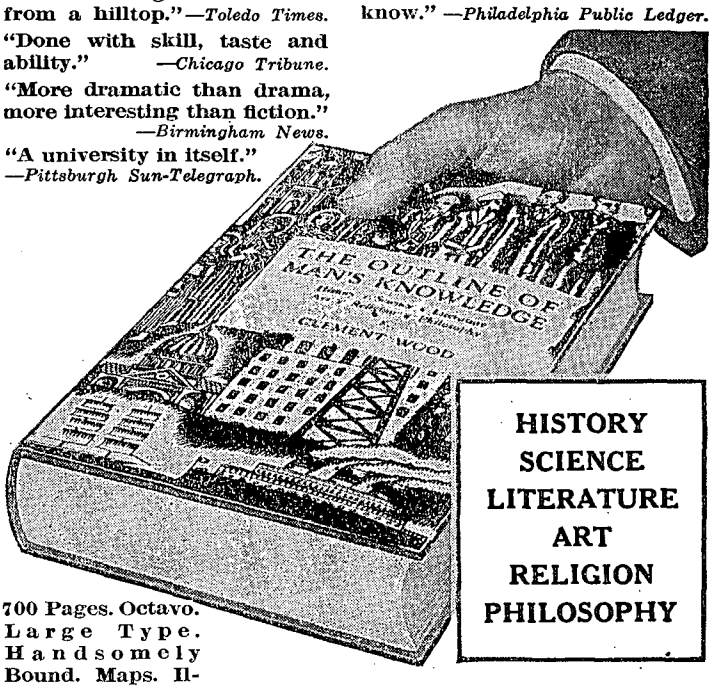


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remains in private hands. But Russia, it must be remembered, is 83 per cent an agricultural country, and 90 per cent of all agricultural output which finds a market is produced by peasant proprietors. The Russian peasant, therefore, is, as Bartlet Brebner calls him, "the ultimate dictator" of Russia, and only for his own purposes has he become the "ungrateful but determined defender" of the Bolshevik revolution. But here enters the paradox so omnipresent in all Russian affairs today. While a reluctant supporter of national legalized communism in his country, the peasant has always been and still is a non-legal communist in private practice.

The Russian agriculturist has never been a private proprietor in the sense in which the American farmer is one. He does not occupy a homestead in the midst of his own land, but lives in a village of other peasants often miles removed from the strip of earth he is entitled to cultivate. He is accustomed, then, to a communal life, and cooperation both in his social and economic affairs is forced on him by the very nature of his situation. It is no part of the Soviet Government's policy to alter this situation, but rather it aims to overlay a scientific, self-conscious form of communism on the existing primitive variety. Education both in the theory and practice of Marxism is being used by the Government to attain this end, the object being to modernize the peasant for his own advantage and that of his country. It is obviously a dangerous experiment to awaken a potential and possibly antagonistic future ruler of Russia to a realization of his pivotal position in the Socialistic Republic, but with its usual audacity the Soviet Government has undertaken it.

To give adequate attention to all the Russian internal problems analyzed in this book would, of course, be impossible. Stress has been laid on the economic situation, since inevitably it is the foundation stone on which the whole Soviet Socialistic structure is raised. Not only is it the heart of the organism here dissected, but it is also the life-blood in that organism's veins. The interest of this work, however, is by no means confined to the sections discussing it. Possible investors will do well to turn to the last chapter, learn what a Russian concession is, and why some concessions succeed and others fail. Politicians will find here described for them the organization of the Russian Government, and sociologists will receive here enlightenment on how uneasily lies the head that aspires to wear the thorny crown of Marxism. Most absorbing for the general public probably will be the discussion of Soviet education and its effect on the mentality of the much-misunderstood Russian people. In this connection one cannot do better than quote from George S. Counts, who, after paying tribute to the "vitality of the forces" at work, declares:

> Without doubt one of the greatest accomplishments of the Revolution in the field of education is a psychological change which must eventually prove of great significance. The authority of conventional ideas and practices has been greatly reduced, if not annihilated, and energy has been released on a large scale for the solution of the educational problems. . . . Openness of mind may be regarded as one of the most important products of the Revolution. It has already given birth to many new institutions, and it will doubtless continue as a creative force until the present generation transmits its achievements as a heritage to its successors.

NORAH MEADE

# A New Logic

*The Technique of Controversy.* By Boris B. Bogoslovsky. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

MR. BOGOSLOVSKY proposes a new logic. Its radical principle is the denial of the law of excluded middle, since Aristotle one of the three sacred laws of thought. The postulates that A is A, that A is not non-A, and that A is either B or non-B establish the static logic of classes or of qualitative terms and relations, and it is in opposition to this orthodoxy that Mr. Bogoslovsky formulates a dynamic logic which arises in the postulation that A is both B and not B, and which, of course, must also propose that A may not be A, thus abrogating in one breath both the laws of identity and contradiction.

A great many readers may not appreciate the hazards and hence the courage of this undertaking, not knowing well enough the aged impregnability of the wind-mill against which Mr. Bogoslovsky has broken his lance. Strong restrictive laws always inspire subversion, even if they be merely logical laws; there have been repeated attempts to contradict the rule against contradiction, usually subsiding with the paradox that to deny it affirms it, and it were better ignored. To attack excluded middle results somewhat similarly. Mr. Bogoslovsky's substitute, the law of included middle, becomes convulsed with paradoxes. Included middle operates within a quantitative continuum between B and non-B. It is the formulation of this polarized continuum with reiterated emphasis upon crude quantative indices that, along with many illustrative applications, forms the burden of the book. The proposition "Al Smith is an anti-prohibitionist" does not contradict "Al Smith is a prohibitionist," for by the principle of included middle he is both, and the only dynamic logical problem is to ascertain how much of either he is. Construct a continuum between these poles, and it may be found by empirical investigation, after argument has ceased, that he is less than half of 1 per cent dry. That may be an important practical question to decide, but in one's excitement over any scheme for doing it one must not forget that neither the polarity nor the continuum could be stated or constructed if "prohibitionism" and "anti-prohibitionism" did not exclude one another in their defined meanings. Mr. Bogoslovsky has blurred the nature of continua in his desire for continuity; he has forgotten that the continuum is a logical series composed of logical individuals (points, instants, real numbers, etc.) and that logically an individual subsists by its exclusiveness and impenetrability. The illusion of continuity between polarized opposites may be obtained by the gesture of using quantified indices but, after all, even such terms are qualified by definition, even the fraction of a per cent must be just that fraction and no other.

Both ordinary logicians and Mr. Bogoslovsky will agree that this criticism is irrelevant except in so far as it points out that "The Technique of Controversy" is not concerned with a logical problem at all. It is interested in the a-logical level of discourse in which the properties of things, facts, or existences are discussed. The laws of logic which Mr. Bogoslovsky assails are intended to apply only in the field of definite entities, i.e., concepts. I yield to no one in my devotion to excluded middle. Yet I should be willing to admit that Mr. A may be both a good and a bad man; but that does not obligate me to deny that good is good and bad is bad, or to accuse Hamlet of pondering a false dichotomy.

Mr. Bogoslovsky's treatise is a delightfully earnest and cultivated presentation of a traditional uneasiness in philosophy that has culminated in Professor Dewey's type of pragmatism. From Heraclitus to Bergson there have been men who, in their sensitiveness to flux and confusion in the world, have tried to make logical processes correspondingly dynamic and indefinite, forgetting that the logos is with God, and that its incarnation is a mystery. No doubt there is a worthy practical problem in such attempts to provide regulative norms for exclusively empirical controversy. It is an appropriate enough program for pragmatists, but if they, in their zealous preoccupation with things, conclude that their quixotic effort to make thinking as confused as experience, establishes a new logic with heretical implications, they should reexamine the logical foundations of the science of probability which is directed toward the identical problem of the empirical judgment, to find how orthodox its basis is. Or, better, they should

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become aware of the exclusively different traits of ideas and things by consulting the chapter on Conception in "The Principles of Psychology." William James was one pragmatist who, for a time at least, recognized the proper sphere apart of logic, utterly and irremediably static, and perforce, idle, useless, and uninteresting to pragmatists.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

# What Manner of Man Was Grey?

*Lord Grey and the War.* By Hermann Lutz. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THIS splendid volume was reviewed in the German original by Professor William L. Langer in the *Nation* for July 20, 1927, and the present reviewer would only commend that excellent appraisal. The reviewer wholly agrees with Professor Langer that the only weak portion of the book is Lutz's thesis of the pacific nature of Sazonov's policies up to July 28 and his contention that Russia came in chiefly because of the Austrian refusal to guarantee the sovereignty and integrity of Serbia. Neither of these contentions can be successfuly defended at the present stage of our knowledge. In regard to Grey and English policy, however, we may regard Lutz's discussion as really definitive and impregnable.

It has been an interesting practice of writers on war-guilt literature to compare American and European writers. Professor Renouvin, for example, has recently declared his affinity with Professor Fay, and Professor C. J. H. Hayes has confirmed this resemblance in a recent review of Renouvin. Nothing could well be more misleading, however, than any such effort to represent Renouvin as comparable with Fay as regards either erudition, objectivity, exposition of the facts, or general interpretation of these facts. Having read both the latest edition of Renouvin and the proofs of Professor Fay's impending book, the reviewer can say with finality that Fay differs from Renouvin throughout as to general attitude, statement and analysis of the facts, and final conclusions. The American analogue of Renouvin is Bernadotte Schmitt and not Fay. Though Count Montgelas certainly far surpasses any other living scholar in his immediate and precise command of the facts of the 1914 crisis, the European writer on the subject of war responsibility who may be most fairly compared to Fay is none other than Herr Lutz. For a combination of encyclopedic knowledge of the sources and the facts of war-guilt, of objectivity and judiciousness of tone, of absence of partisanship, and of almost exasperating caution, Lutz is the only European writer who may, with fairness to both, be aptly compared with Professor Fay. And the general resemblance is made particular through the fact that, of the whole group of straightforward revisionists, Lutz and Fay judge Austria much more severely than do the other members of this group of writers.

For American readers drawn from the intelligent public the most interesting aspect of Lutz's book will be his magisterial portrait of the character and policies of Lord Grey, which we herewith reproduce in summary fashion and conclude:

> Gentle in personal life, full of good-will and good feeling. A thoughtful, true, and loyal friend; a harsh and bitter enemy. No Machiavelli, and subjectively no hypocrite; nor the hawk-headed evil spirit with rapacious clawed fingers that many Germans imagined during the war. No true statesman. A man with a narrow insularity of outlook, his view dimmed by strong predilections and deep prejudices; unconscious of the enormous encouragement which his Entente policy gave to the nationalists in power in Russia and France. Accessible to suggestion and greatly under the influence of auto-suggestion. A man who came unwillingly to his post, who imagined that he was steering his ship with a sure hand, unaware that other hands were also on the wheel; who

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imagined himself free and saw nothing of the thousand threads of his own spinning that had combined into an unbreakable tow-rope and towed him in the course of others. A well-meaning, peace-loving nobleman whose heart longed for the simple joys of communion with nature. An upright man of the true British pattern, earnest but humorless. A man with two sets of human values, two standards, and a double morality. Not a great man, and not a strong man. A man with a kink in his soul. A man whom a policy of unintentional ambiguity stamped with some involuntary and, in his heart, detested features of Machiavelli; unworthy features, which will never disappear from his melancholy brow. An unhappy figure, not without elements of innate tragedy.

This was the man who in the last resort held in his hand during the crisis of July, 1914, the decision between peace and war.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

# Books in Brief

*Reliquiae.* By A. D. Godley. Edited by C. R. L. Fletcher. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $6.

A. D. Godley, long beloved tutor of Magdalen, was the perfect Oxonian. Dispassionate follower of duty, devotee of lost causes, addicted to the modest recreations of bicycle riding and mountain climbing, he jested in Greek and tossed his Latin like a gentleman. Despite much serious scholarly work, an edition of Tacitus, a translation of Herodotus and another of Horace, he was best known during his lifetime for his contributions of learned wit to the *Oxford Magazine,* which benefited by his sparkle for nearly forty years. The two posthumous volumes of his fragmentary poems and essays, for the most part concerned with university interests, give us the inmost life of the Oxford of the first quarter of this century. But there are larger interests touched upon as well, notably in the five lectures on English literature which contain many a shrewd bit of criticism. Godley could be wise and objective when he chose, but usually he chose to coddle his prejudices amusedly, and to write witty prose and wittier verse, expressive of a nature that, in the inevitable defeat of life, knew how to laugh without bitterness, becomingly. In "Reliquiae" one tastes the finest flavor of a mellow autumnal culture.

*Endymion. A Poetic Romance.* By John Keats. Type-facsimile of the First Edition. With Introduction and Notes by H. Clement Notcutt. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

"Endymion" is not a great or even a good poem, but it will always have interest as being the first extended effort of Keats, and the present edition will be valuable for students because of its scholarly and illuminating notes.

*The Skull of Swift. An Extempore Exhumation.* By Shane Leslie. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

A good book on Swift is very much needed. This one, though it makes more of the great Dean's exciting tragedy than has been made before, does not quite fill the bill, being unnecessarily clever in its presentation of the evidence and in its delineation of the drama. A good book on Swift will be simpler than Mr. Leslie's—simpler and profounder.

*Shipmates.* By Felix Riesenberg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The writer of these sketches, many of which are familiar to readers of the *Nautical Gazette,* is no correspondence-school graduate of the sea. The number and variety of ships, the range of time, the extent of geography, all reveal the seasoned mariner. But there is more than knowledge in these reminiscences of men and events afloat—there is an understanding of human nature and the spirit of his time. One detects, also, a wistful regret at having left the stern life of the sea for work ashore which pays more in money and ease and reputation but less perhaps in solid self-respect.

*Dollars and World Peace.* By Kirby Page. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.50.

Mr. Page has written another pamphlet designed apparently for Y. M. C. A. consumption. It argues that until the problems rising out of nationalism, industrialism, and imperialism are solved, no exhortations on behalf of peace and pledges not to fight will be of value. He has done his job upon a higher plane than many of our political evangelists.

*A Political Handbook of the World's Parliaments, Parties, and Press as of January 1, 1928.* Edited by Malcolm W. Davis and Walter H. Mallory. Harvard University Press and Yale University Press.

The "Political Handbook of Europe" prepared under the auspices of the Council of Foreign Relations a year ago has grown into this "Political Handbook of the World." Summarizing party programs and leaders, and listing the chief newspapers of sixty countries, it will be a useful desk-book for editors and students of foreign affairs. The task has been painstakingly performed, with a scrupulous effort at impartiality. But it is impossible to touch politics without any bias. Venezuela is frankly called a military dictatorship, Peru appears to be a constitutional republic. Sacasa, Solorzano, and Sandino's names do not appear among the leaders of the Nicaraguan Liberal Party; Moncada's does. And the explanations of the status and importance of individual newspapers are somewhat erratic. These, however, are minor defects, and, doubtless, will fade out in the subsequent annual editions.

*The Building of Cultures.* By Roland B. Dixon. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

Dr. Dixon has given us a thoughtful exposition of the processes of the origin and spread of culture. Discovery and invention, the diffusion of these after they have been made, the manner in which they combine into what are termed "trait complexes," and the fashion and conditions under which these, in turn, are diffused, all play important parts in his discussion. The oft-debated question as to whether the same manner of doing the same thing can be independently developed or not is gone into with some care, and there is a chapter devoted to the theories of the English and German diffusionist schools that shows the fallacies on which the ideas of the two groups are based. Dr. Dixon pays his compliments to Wissler's method of making historical reconstructions by the plotting of distributions of traits and complexes of traits, and demonstrates how Wissler has failed to meet the criticisms that can be leveled against his position. A final chapter is devoted to the processes through which civilizations come into being; the author comes to the conclusion that "we live in a three-dimensional world, and human culture is built in accordance with it. . . . We of today have builded high indeed, but upon a base so extensive those who come after it may well build far higher." The book is stimulating and written with the authority of Dr. Dixon's extensive information of cultural data. It should prove useful to any interested in the processes of human civilization.

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# International Relations Section

## World Copyright

By L. J. DE BEKKER

PROTECTION of the creator of a literary or artistic work was the sole purpose of the Berne Convention of 1886, which brought into being the International Copyright Union, and of the Berlin revision of 1908, by which the powers of the union were augmented, and no less of the latest revision, completed in Rome last June. As in 1886 and in 1908, the uppermost question in the minds of all concerned is, What will the United States do about it?

After 1886 the United States did nothing. After 1908 the United States talked about it, and the following year enacted a law amending and consolidating all the acts concerning copyright so far as the United States was concerned. Beyond that, nothing. The Typographical Union insisted that the protection of copyright should be extended only to works manufactured in the United States. The manufacturers and jobbers of books were not loath to have protection against the invasion of their markets from countries of cheaper production. Authors, architects, artists, composers, and playwrights were not organized; hence their views concerning their rights were not heeded. Out of sheer generosity the twenty-eight Powers signatory to the Berne Convention provided a loophole by which Americans could obtain "courtesy" copyright. Publication simultaneously in a country belonging to the union, if an American could obtain it, did the trick, and that solely upon the payment of Register's fees and the deposit of copies in the United States. And simultaneous publication could and frequently can be had for Americans in Great Britain. The United States was thus placed in the position of accepting for American citizens universally recognized legal rights which were denied to the citizens or subjects of other states.

But the Rome revision of the Berne Convention may change all that. Article 28, which is new (the complete convention as revised being a document of 11,000 words, with much additional material), provides that when six ratifications have been obtained the convention shall become effective as between the six Powers within a month. On July 1, 1931, the amended convention will apply in full force to all Powers which have ratified it, but: "Those countries foreign to the union will be permitted to join the union by way of adhesion until August 1, 1931, under the convention signed in Berlin, November 13, 1908, or the present convention. After August 1, 1931, they will only be able to adhere to the present convention."

The "present convention" being more elaborate in its specifications of the rights of the author presents difficulties for the United States which do not exist in the Berlin revision. Moreover, it contains an addition to Article 6 by which, upon written complaint to the headquarters in Berne that a "country foreign to the union" does not sufficiently protect the rights of authors who are resident in one of the countries of the union, the "courtesy" copyright already referred to may be withdrawn. That is tantamount to saying to Uncle Sam: "Come in now; the water's fine. Hands up if you don't."

The United States was represented by impartial observers at the meeting in Rome, and knows officially what to expect. It knows that the United States must continue a policy of "splendid isolation," which American authors frankly regard as that of an outlaw, or that this country must cease to be "un pays étranger à l'union," which is outer darkness to the rest of the world, despite the numerous treaties by which the State Department has sought reciprocal privileges with other governments for its citizens, and despite the Pan-American copyright agreement.

Copyright covers, the International Copyright Union now declares, all productions in the literary, scientific, and artistic domain, regardless of mode or form of expression, such as books, pamphlets and other writings, lectures, speeches, and sermons, and other works of the same nature; dramatic or dramatico-musical works, choreographic works or pantomimes, if the action (*mise en scène*) is fixed by writing or otherwise; compositions in music, with or without words; works of design, of painting, architecture, sculpture, engravings and lithography; illustrations, geographical charts; plans, details, or plastic works relative to geography, topography, architecture, or the sciences. Photographic works and works obtained by analogous processes are specifically included, and the author is protected not only on his original work, but on all adaptations, translations, musical arrangements, and other reproductions or transformations of a work. Works of art applied to industry are, however, relegated for legislation to the various countries of the union, as are political speeches and judicial debates and other material subject to reproduction in the newspapers.

The duration of copyright is extended to fifty years from the death of an author, or the death of the last surviving author, if the work be one of collaboration.

Full control is accorded the author or composer in the matter of reproduction of his work by means of moving pictures, radio and "canned-music" instruments, and, although he may have disposed of certain rights, he continues to retain the right to "oppose all deformation, mutilation, or modification of said work which might be prejudicial to his honor or his reputation."

If the United States is to give its adhesion to the International Copyright Union, the foreign author, if of a country which is a member of the union, must be accorded these privileges, which are denied to citizens of the United States:

There need be no notice of copyright on the work copyrighted.

There need be no deposit of copies with the Register of Copyright.

There need be no payment of registration fee.

Complete protection must be accorded without regard to whether a work is manufactured within the United States or not.

Perhaps the greatest difference between the conception of copyright expressed in the Berne Convention as modified in Berlin and in Rome, and as set forth in the present copyright law of the United States, is in the recognition by the International Copyright Union of all the rights of the author, artist, or composer as divisible, while the United States expressly holds that there can be only one copyright to a work, and that it is not divisible.

In practice the American author usually reserves by contract all rights except those specifically assigned. Thus

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the novelist may assign serial right to a magazine, second serial to a newspaper syndicate, book right to a book publisher, dramatic right to a producer, movie right to a movie corporation, translation right to a foreign publisher, and still retain rights to abridge or enlarge, etc. For the protection of motion picture, "canned music," and other rights the American Copyright Act of 1909 has been amended, but the process of simplication in industry now going on is a sufficient argument in support of the contention of the Authors' League that when, and if, a new general copyright law is enacted, this division of rights should be recognized. In fact H. R. 8913, introduced by Mr. Vestal at the last session of Congress, favorably reported by the Committee on Patents, and therefore a possible subject for action next winter, expressly states that "All rights comprised in a copyright are several, distinct, and severable."

Legislation to enable the United States to join the International Copyright Union may be introduced at the next session of Congress, in the opinion of Thorvald Solberg, United States Register of Copyright. Every man and woman engaged in creative work, it is safe to assume, will favor early action.

## Contributors to This Issue

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